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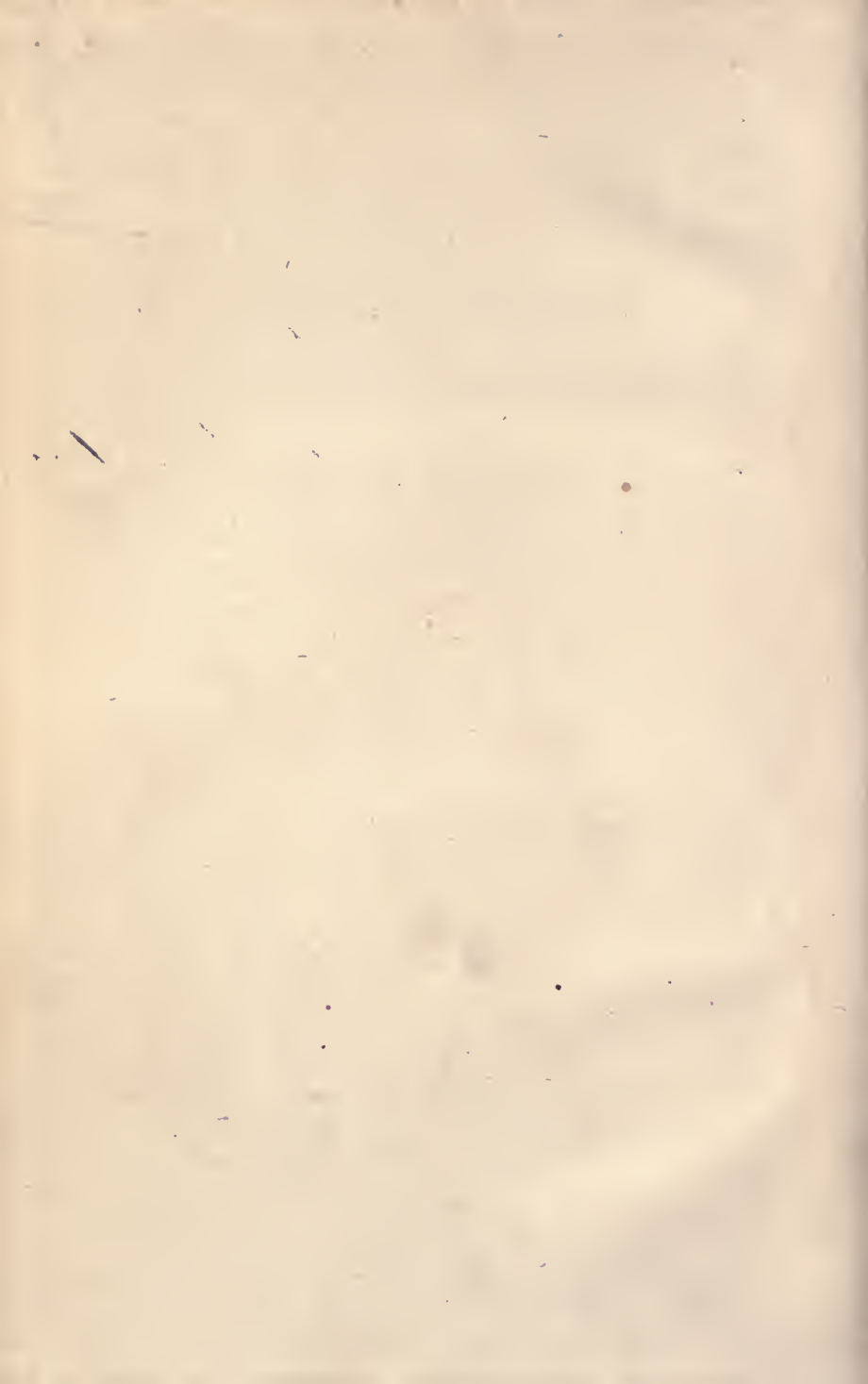
Thought in Meire.

BY
JOHN A. KIRKLAND.



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Miss Jacobs

With the Compliments
of my Grandmother
The Author
Bert Burdick

Thoughts in Metre.

BY

LOUISE J. KNOWLES.

1889.

CRAMER, AIKENS & CRAMER,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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DEDICATED
TO
MY CHILDREN.

"To thy full thoughts, gay or sad,
Sunny-hued or sober clad,
Something of my own I add ;

"Well assured that thou wilt take
Even the offering which I make
Kindly for the giver's sake."

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Take Thy Blessings.

Take thy blessings, never doubting
They by love divine are sent ;
Do not question, take them simply,
Let them make thy life content.

Take thy blessings, use them rightly,
Murmur not if sorrows come ;
Gather up life's golden sunbeams,
Let their radiance bless thy home.

Take thy blessings, ever thankful,
Know they're sent by One who's wise ;
And that oft the heaviest crosses
Are but blessings in disguise.

Take thy blessings, let life's sunshine
Brightly cheer thy onward way ;
Grasp each blessing at the moment,
And be happy day by day.

Take thy blessings with thy sorrows—
Which is which thou ne'er canst tell—
Take in meekness what is sent thee,
Know God doeth all things well.

The Sparrow.

(In America.)

An English Sparrow, hopping 'round,
Picking the seeds from off the ground,
Said to himself: "This land is free;
I'll have my rights, whate'er they be,
In country lane, or city street,
Where birds of various plumage meet:
They shall not rule and conquer me,
Be they of high or low degree.
For I will build a cosy nest
In any place I like the best;
And if the Martin or the Wren
Have in the place before me been,
I shall insist upon my right,
And if 'tis necessary—fight.
For what does freedom mean, I pray,
If it is not to have your way?
Oh, it is glorious to be
In this great land where all is free!"
Thus Sparrow in his folly said,
But noticed not that overhead
A Butcher Bird watched him with care,
And thinking him a morsel rare
Was ready in his sudden flight,
With cruel haste, his hopes to blight:
Who said: "Oh, yes, this land is free;
It's just the place for you and me.
I, too, believe in rights of all—
The greater hold in right the small.

The web the spider spins with care,
Although its workmanship is rare,
Is just a net to catch the fly
Who struggles in it but to die.
Such is the freedom it would teach ;
And let us learn a lesson each :
The spider dines upon the fly,
And you to catch the spider try ;
To make the lesson strictly true
Of course, I, too, must dine on you."

Should not this fable mortals show
The high should not oppress the low?
That greed, in whate'er form it be,
Is quite unworthy of the free.
True freedom is a boon to all—
The rich, the poor, the great, the small ;
And he is the most truly free
Who does the right, whate'er it be.

Value the Moments.

Let us use our moments rightly,
They cannot be bought or sold ;
Ever coming, ever going,
Ever new and never old.
Let us welcome them with pleasure,
Every moment one by one ;
For each moment has its duty—
Let it cheerfully be done.

Step By Step.

I am climbing up the mountain, step by step,
I am drinking at the fountain by the way ;
I am looking to my Father, who has kept
All my ways in peace and gladness till this day.

And where'er my Captain leadeth I may go,
Never doubting, for he keepeth all my way ;
He has tasted all the bitter dregs of woe,
And his strength shall be sufficient for my day.

Foes on every side are hidden, still I know
That His ways are ways of pleasure and of peace ;
Though the path is steep and heavy, I would go
On and upward, never halting till life cease.

Little Things.

A discontented drop of rain
Went floating in the air ;
It said, "The truth is very plain,
No one will ever care."
But all the flowers withered,
And the fields grew brown and bare.

Once a little ray of sunshine
Behind a cloud did stay,
And said, "It will be just as fine
If I am hid to-day."
But it was dark and dreary
Instead of bright and gay.

Once a word was left unspoken
That might have cheered a heart ;
Two lives without a token
Were left to drift apart.
Oh, the days of sad repining
That from little errors start !

Sleep.

Sleep brings to tired workers—rest ;
It soothes the brain—the soul is blest ;
Dulls, for a time, the sense of care,
And lulls the grief and wild despair
That threatens Reason on her throne.
'This naught can stay but sleep alone.

It steals upon the weary brain
Like some far-off sweet music strain ;
While 'round the misty shadows play
Of some bright, half-forgotten day ;
'Till o'er the face there comes at last
The wondrous spell that sleep has cast.
Soul's mystery it e'er must be—
Like time, death, or eternity.

Guidance.

Like as a child that's gone astray
Once more seeks home,
So does my wandering heart this day
To Jesus come.

As on the tender grass the dew
Refreshing lies,
So let Thy love my heart renew,
And make me wise.

As ocean's waves when storm is passed
Do calmly rest,
So let my sin-tossed soul at last
In Christ be blest.

As stranger in a dreary land
Would seek a guide,
So, Jesus, hold me by the hand—
Walk by my side.

The Lord is My Shepherd.

The Lord is my Shepherd,
And I shall not want,
He will guide me and keep me from sin ;
His love is my refuge,
His mercy my hope,
And through faith in His promise I win.

The Lord is my Shepherd ;
He leads me in ways
That are filled with the light of His love—
Where the pastures are green,
And the waters are pure :
For they flow from the Fountain above.

The Lord is my Shepherd ;
Though dangers are near
And the pathway grows heavy and steep,
His strength is sufficient,
His promises cheer :
And He laid down His life for His sheep.



Meet Care Cheerfully.

If you feel that you are slighted,
Do not frown and be distressed ;
Bear the wrongs that can't be righted,
And with courage do your best.
Others have their cares as well—
Sorrows which they may not tell.

Let your days be full of gladness,
Meet a frown with ready smile ;
Lend your aid to those in sadness—
Life is such a little while.

Let each passing moment prove
That your heart is filled with love.

As you grow away from childhood,
And life's cares begin to press,
Do not let the world, intruding,
Make you love your neighbor less ;
Have compassion while you may,
Life too soon will slip away.

Do not waste your time in wishing
For a greater work to do,
But take up the smallest duty,
Whatso'er devolves on you :
Do it gladly while you may,
Ere the moments slip away.

A Question.

Who tells the swallows when to fly
And seek a warmer home?

Who paints the clouds in crimson dye
As night shades gently come?
Who gives the bow its brilliant hue,
Its shades of violet, red, and blue?

Some claim that chance has formed all things—

The sun, and moon, and earth;
They think that out of nature springs
Man's origin and birth:
They doubt divine, eternal love,
They doubt the God who rules above.

O man of books, thy wisdom's vain,
Thy reasoning lacks in weight;
Blind to the truth thou dost remain,
Thy words are errors great.
Look and behold the watchful care
Which blossoms in the daisy, there.

Go, learn of Nature's changing scenes,
The seasons' constant round,
And ponder what the lesson means
Which in their laws is found;
Go, ask the waters of the deep
What mighty power their borders keep.

Go, ask the stars of diamond hue
Who hung them in the sky,
And how they keep their courses true
As months and years go by ;
Or what power holds all things in place,
And where the bounds of time and space.

Go, man, and form the tiniest blade
That sparkles with the dew,
And when thou this small thing hast made
Give it the bright green hue ;
Or, failing, know God rules above,
And works these wonders through His love.

Do Not Forget.

Forget a word unkindly spoken
By a hasty friend ;
But don't forget the words of counsel
Which to blessings tend.

Forget your ease when duty calls you,
Put all scruples by ;
But don't forget the poor and needy
When affliction's nigh.

Forget a wrong when done by others,
Lay it not to heart ;
But don't forget an act of kindness
On another's part.

Forget the worry and the heartache
Of a stormy life ;
But don't forget a loving Savior
In this world of strife.

A Cheerful Heart.

O beautiful world with its lights and its shadows,
Wonderful world with its pleasures and pain !
The life that is teeming in woodlands and meadows
Shows blessings that nature has not sent in vain.

When youth is all sunshine we sing at our duty,
And wonder that people can ever be sad ;
Tho' we know not the cares that may come as we
journey,
The heart that is cheerful makes other hearts glad.

No End.

There is no end, but time moves on,
And day gives place to night ;
A thousand years are but as one
In God's eternal sight.

There is no end ; this earthly ball,
That roams through space so broad,
Can never reach the outer wall
That bounds the works of God.

There is no end; the past is gone,
The future yet to be ;
The present is the link that binds
Time with Eternity.

There is no end to grace divine,
Or precious mercies free ;
A glorious hope is yours, is mine,
If Christ our refuge be.

Looking Back.

Shall we look in future ages

Back to life which seemed so fair,
Scan its marred and blotted pages
From the home where angels are?
Shall we see a hidden meaning
In these days of toil and care?

Will it then seem plain and simple,
All these changes that are rife,
Tangled paths o'er which we stumble,
Battling in this daily strife?
Shall we see that all these trials
Are a help to higher life?

Will the vanities and pleasures
That from worldly motives spring
In our hearts be counted worthy
That our souls to them should cling?
Shall we see how vain the honor
And the splendor riches bring?

Dimmed will be earth's brightest glory,
Meaningless in Holy eyes;
Naught but heart's true worth is treasured
By the Father, good and wise.
Kindly deeds, however simple,
Will be works we then shall prize.

The Seashell's Message.

Did you ever hear the message
That the seashell whispers low,
In those faint and dreamy murmurs
Of the waves that come and go?

Singing of its home, the ocean,
Where the coral bright is found,
And where, hid away from sunlight,
Wonders of the deep abound.

Sometimes there is mighty warfare
Where the slimy monsters creep,
And earth's battles are repeated
By the creatures of the deep.

Silence reigns without a murmur
In the tranquil depths below
Which are filled with untold wonders—
For our Father made them so.

And He rules the waters rightly,
For he holds them in His hand ;
While His ways are ways of wisdom,
On the sea, as on the land.

Indian Summer.

The oak tree is a russet brown,
The maples glow in red ;
The poplar, with its golden crown,
Shows Summer's days are fled.

The wind stirs in the forest trees,
And brings the acorns down ;
The corn is gathered in the sheaves—
There lies the stubble brown.

The golden sun casts slanting ray
Half hid by misty cloud,
While o'er the brook the shadows play
Where hazel thickets crowd.

'Tis one of Nature's perfect days
That long in memory stand :
The light of Indian Summer lays
On wood and meadow-land.

A roseate flush o'erspreads the sky,
The sun sinks for the night,
And faintly comes the wild bird's cry
As home it wings its flight.

As a memento of the past
The leaves all crumpled lie ;
Their rustle in the rising blast
Is Summer's farewell sigh.

Thought.

Thought wings its way at lightning speed,
Outstripping in its flight
The swiftest foot of flying steed,
And wanders on where fancies lead,
Midst worlds of wondrous light.

It is a guide in halls of state,
Where Wisdom holds her sway,
And dwells among the wise and great ;
While by its help a nation's fate
Oft marks its rising day.

It sees the future from afar,
And reads the sign of days ;
In peace it builds the ship of war ;
While Wisdom is the guiding star
Directing all its ways.

It wanders through the starry sky,
And views the wonders broad ;
Far past the bounds of human eye,
Where worlds in circuit onward fly,
Discerns its ruler, God.

The Christian's Victory.

'Tis not alone the Christian meets
Death's conquering sway,
When one by one the things of earth
Shall pass away ;
But leaning on the Savior's arm,
Who, strong to save,
Has promised an eternal life
Beyond the grave.

Safely in Jesus Christ to rest
When life shall end :
O wondrous mercy that has sent
Sinners this friend !
When to the shelter of His love
The soul shall flee,
'Tis then that death is swallowed up
In victory.

Blest are the promises that cheer
The Christian's way ;
Death is the soul's awakening to
A brighter day—
The putting off of grief and sin,
And mortal pain,
And, through redeeming mercy, free
To live again.

It is the yielding up of care
And sorrow here,
And trusting like a little child
Without a fear.
And while to promises divine
The soul shall cling,
O grave, where is thy victory?
And death, thy sting?

Kenilworth.

As we beneath thy shadows rest,
Kenilworth, thou grand and old,
We think of the renown which blest
These walls which now are bare and bold;
The conqueror thy ruin wrought,
But still thou art a charming spot.

These mossy stones speak of the past,
Where hoary trees grow from the wall
Unshaken by the winter's blast,
Whose leaves like tear-drops gently fall;
And ivy, with its shield of green,
Entwines about thee like a screen.

Bright were the days which now are gone,
When echoing through thy courts there rang
The sound of revelry and song,
With bugle notes and sabre clang;
Valiant and brave were they of old—
The knights who did this castle hold.

Where is the feast and revelry
Which once made glad thy banquet hall?
And where is all the vast array
Of trophies which adorned thy wall?
We vaguely of these glories dream,
Of battle ax and armor gleam.

Now peaceful sheep rest in thy hall
Where brave and beauty once did tread,
And children play beneath the wall
Where royalty the dance has led.
These ruins stand to-day to tell
The story of the brave who fell.

Time heals the scar which war has made,
And spreads the sod where ruins are ;
The humble daisy shows her head
Where mighty ones engaged in war,
And on the ledges of thy tower
Blooms undisturbed the wildwood flower.

Content.

When cares oppress,
And fears distress,
And heavy clouds hang near,
Shrink not with dread,
But just be led
By Jesus' loving care.

Why doubt this love
That from above
The raven's cry doth hear?
And why repine
When heaven is thine
With all its joys to share?

Oh, may I see
His love to me
In every trial sent;
His ways are wise,
My duty lies
In showing true content.

My Soul and I.

Soul, thou and I in closest tie
Have trod life's path together ;
Through hopes and fears of changing years
Our interest could not sever.

In youthful days when wisdom's ways
We were so long in learning,
Soul, thou wert blest with vague unrest,
For better things wert yearning.

Our pleasant day it cannot stay,
Already shadows lengthen ;
Life soon is past, but grace at last
In Christ, our hope shall strengthen.

Soon we must part, for, Soul, thou art
A spirit, and immortal ;
We're joined to-day, but this poor clay
Must leave thee at death's portal.

But, oh, my Soul, as ages roll,
And all these wrongs are righted,
When storms are past, through faith at last
We then shall be united !

Are We Ready?

Are we ready to dare and to do,
To take up the standard of right,
With a heart that is valiant and true,
For Jesus, our Master, to fight?

Are we ready to lay down our will,
And work for our Savior alway,
Let the light of His influence fill
Each moment and hour of our day?

Are we ready to take as our guide
The grandest, the wisest and best,
In the ways of our Savior abide,
And safe in His promises rest?

Are we ready when duty shall call
To resign the bright treasures of earth,
Taking Christ as our hope and our all,
And trust in His infinite worth?

Carry All to Jesus.

I will carry my sins to Jesus,
Who gives of His bounty each day,
And crave that in infinite mercy
He keep me from going astray.

I will carry my troubles to Jesus,
And safe on His promises rest;
No ill can betide those He loveth,
For they by His presence are blest.

I will carry my fears to Jesus,
And trust in His mercy to me;
His love, which is tender and gracious,
My rock and my anchor shall be.

In a Crowd.

I like to pass an idle hour
In studying faces in a crowd,
In noting marks of character,
E'en though the voice speaks not aloud :
For there is written on each face
Some mark of circumstance or place.

The man of care you soon can know,
Although, perchance, intent on pleasure ;
Its mark is still upon his brow—
Perhaps 'tis lifted in a measure :
But still the face is apt to show
What's hidden in the heart below.

The scholar has a look refined
We readily can trace ;
The marks of thought are ever plain,
We read them in his face :
A subtle charm that wisdom lends
Oft for a lack of grace amends.

The maiden fresh from school we see
With hopes and visions fair,
With sunny face and merry laugh,
And heart that's free from care :
The dream of life is just begun,
Her hopes are bright as noonday sun.

The youth to manhood scarcely come
In ever restless mood,
Desirous mostly to do right,
But seldom understood :
His views are high and broad of plan ;
He's anxious to be thought a man.

The man of worth, with silvered hair,
And step which marks his day's decline ;
His sun of life is going down,
And almost spent his lot of time :
But still his eye is keen and bright—
He, sure, has fought a worthy fight.

Thou Lovest Me.

I will not doubt the hand that guides my ways,
Though hidden from my sight the future lays.
Tho' care and trouble oft my portion be,
Yet, Father, I believe Thou lovest me.

And when my worldly plans are set at naught,
And quite a different path I would have sought,
Oh, let my faith look up through clouds and see
That trouble oft is sent in love to me.

And then, should darker days their shadows cast,
Let hope outshine my fears until the last ;
And let me firmly rest on mercy free,
Believing, trusting still, Thou lovest me.

A Prayer.

My Father, unto Thee I pray :
Help me to know Thy perfect way,
And let me not in error stray ;
But keep and guide me day by day
In ways of truth.

All things in heaven and earth are Thine,
And own Thy gracious power divine ;
Sun, moon and stars Thy glory shine,
While wonder fills this heart of mine
At Thy great love.

In sore temptation keep me true,
And help me all my journey through ;
By grace and love my heart renew,
And give me willingness to do
Thy will, O Lord.

And if dark shadows should arise
And hide Thy glory from mine eyes,
Oh, look Thou down and hear my cries—
Thou who art just, supreme and wise,
Show me Thy grace.

My worldly cares I leave with Thee ;
And all those who are dear to me,
Oh, give them of Thy mercy free,
That Thy redeemed ones they may be
In Thy good time.

On Passing a Graveyard.

On the mountain side we pass
A village white and fair ;
Every house so small—alas,
There is no room to spare.

Quiet reigns in every street,
No traffic to and fro ;
Here it is that equals meet,
With neither high nor low.

Busy strife is laid aside
With every anxious care ;
Friend or foe are not denied
If they would enter there.

As we turn, the mountain high
Has hid the scene from view ;
While we breathe a gentle sigh
For those we never knew.

Life's Tangled Web.

Oh, the tangled web that Time doth spin
While the busy thread weaves out and in !
Around the hopes of youthful days
What promise of bright future plays !

In its silken threads are golden gleams,
And castles fair of youthful dreams ;
But Time goes on, and destiny
Weaves in our lives what is to be.

The shuttle flies, nor can it stay
While Time leaves marks in threads of gray.
The spinners falter, one by one,
The web is finished—life is done.







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